

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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ALICE in WONDERLAND



1. "Oh, my fur and whiskers," muttered the White Rabbit, as it came up to Alice. "Mary Ann, run home this very moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick!"



2. Alice ran off in the direction of the house without trying to explain the mistake the White Rabbit had made. "He mistook me for his housemaid," she thought, "but I'll get him his gloves and fan."



3. It seemed very queer to be going errands for a White Rabbit, but Alice hurried into the neat little house without knocking and went upstairs. She found her way into a tidy little room and on a table were a fan, a pair of white gloves and a bottle. "Ah," said Alice.



4. "I know something interesting is sure to happen if I eat or drink anything, so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it will make me grow again, for really I'm tired of being small." She took a good long drink.



5. Alas, it was soon too late to wish she hadn't, for she grew and grew till she was too big for the room.



6. Alice's huge hand came out through the window, much to the surprise of the White Rabbit and his gardener. "Pat, take it away!" squeaked the White Rabbit.



7. Then Alice's foot stretched up and out of the chimney and she heard a ladder being placed in position and the sound of some sort of animal scratching on the chimney quite close.



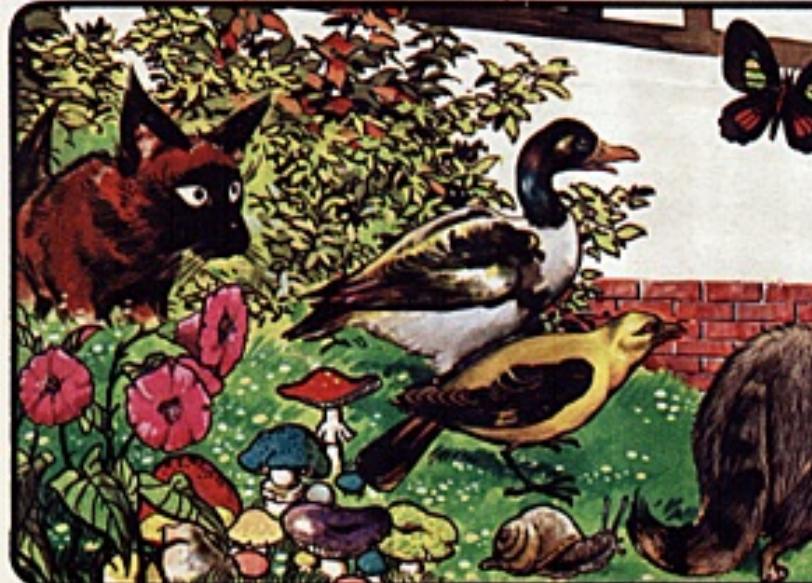
8. She gave one sharp kick and the first thing she heard was a loud shout. "There goes Bill!" the White Rabbit said, as Bill the Lizard came tumbling down. "Catch him, some of you. Hold him!"



9. After a minute or two of silence outside, Alice heard the White Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do to begin with." Then a shower of little pebbles came in through the window. Some hit Alice, but she noticed that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes.



10. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make a change in my size and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose." So she ate one of the cakes and was delighted to find herself shrinking at once.



11. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, Alice ran out of the house and hurried past the crowd of animals.



12. "The first thing I've got to do is to find my way into that lovely garden," Alice thought.
(More of this story next week.)



All Sorts of Ways of Looking After Baby

Animals have all sorts of ways of carrying their babies. Here are some of the most interesting.



Like humans, some monkeys and apes carry their babies in their arms. Others sometimes let the babies cling to their bodies as they move about, and the little one helps by clinging tightly to the fur of its mother, as you can see in the picture above.



Now take a look at the mother Lemur. She has her own way of protecting and carrying her baby, and both of them make good use of their long striped tails. The baby wraps its tail round its parent, which supports the young lemur by means of her own tail.



Have you a pet cat at home? Has she ever had kittens? If she has, you will have seen her carry a kitten in her mouth. All members of the Cat family carry their babies in this way, like this proud Lioness, picking up the baby by the loose skin of its neck.



Not many Polar Bear cubs have been born in zoos, and only a few have been seen in the cold Arctic regions where they live, but the mother Polar Bear tucks the cub under her front legs, as shown.



Now for that big lady, the Hippopotamus. When she is swimming, and these great animals love the water, she carries her baby on her back. When the mother dives under the surface, the little one still clings on and seems to be standing on top of the water.



An animal which is found only in Australia is the Kangaroo. The female, of course, carries her baby in the warm and cosy pouch in her stomach. Animals with pouches in their stomachs are called marsupials and are only found living in Australia.



Everybody loves the Koala Bear, which also lives in Australia and is a marsupial animal. The mother Koala carries her baby on her back when climbing trees in search of eucalyptus leaves. A Koala is often called a tree-bear, but is not a bear.

BRER RABBIT

This week: How Brer Beaver lost his tail.

OLD Brer Beaver felt very unhappy. He was very lazy, was Brer Beaver and, because he was lazy, he hadn't bothered to go out looking for food, and, because he hadn't looked for food, he was very hungry. Now, because he was hungry, his stomach had begun to growl and roar at him, so that he just had to get up and hunt for something to put in it.

The one thing Brer Beaver loved more than anything else was plums, and he decided it was time he set out to look for some to eat, so off he went, ambling down the road.

Before long, who should he come across but Brer Rabbit, who was ambling lazily down to the road as well.

"Well, well, how do you do, Brer Beaver?" said Brer Rabbit, very politely, and Brer Beaver stopped and said he was very well, and asked Brer Rabbit how he was and all his family. Brer Beaver had never bothered Brer Rabbit like the other animals and Brer Rabbit hadn't played any of his tricks on Brer Beaver, so the two were quite friendly.

They sat down on the grass for a rest and to have a gossip about the other animals, and Brer Beaver told Brer Rabbit that he was simply starving and it was time he went hunting for plums again.

Brer Rabbit pricked up his ears at that. He leapt to his feet and clapped his hands. "Plums," he cried. "Why, Brer Beaver, I know where you can get any amount of fine, juicy plums."

Well, of course, Brer Beaver wanted to know where that was, and Brer Rabbit said that Brer Bear had an orchard which was just full of plum trees and those trees were loaded down with the finest plums he had ever seen, just waiting to be eaten.



Then it was Brer Beaver's turn to prick up his ears, and he asked Brer Rabbit if he would take him to the orchard. Brer Rabbit said he would and off those two animals went, to Brer Bear's orchard.

Now, in those days, Brer Bear was a bee-hunter. There was nothing he liked so much as bees and their honey, and to catch those bees he had planted an orchard of plum trees.

When the plums were ripe, the bees came to feed on them and then old Brer Bear would watch where they went, so that he could catch them.

It made Brer Beaver's mouth water just to hear Brer Rabbit talking about that orchard and he could hardly wait to get there. It was just as good as Brer Rabbit had said and Brer Beaver was soon perched up at the top of the biggest tree in the orchard, enjoying himself more than he'd done for a long time with those plums.

Now, Brer Rabbit thought he might as well see some fun, so he left Brer Beaver in the orchard and off he went, lickety split, to Brer Bear's house. He knocked on the door and when Brer Bear opened it, Brer Rabbit told him that somebody was gobbling up all the plums in his orchard.

Brer Bear was very cross when he heard this and he rushed out of the house and off to his orchard, followed by that naughty rabbit.

Brer Beaver was still in the orchard. He had eaten so many plums that he was beginning to feel just the tiniest bit full and he remembered that Brer Rabbit had said Brer Bear might pay a visit to the orchard. Brer Beaver stopped eating for a minute and listened carefully to see if he could hear Brer Bear, because he knew that if Brer Bear caught him eating the plums he would be very angry, but he couldn't hear a sound. "I'll eat just a few more and then I'll go," said Brer Beaver to himself.

He ate a few more and then he really did hear Brer Bear come crashing through the bushes. Before he could say "Brer Rabbit," there was Brer Bear standing underneath that plum tree and shaking it for all he was worth.

Down fell Brer Beaver, plums and all, right on to the ground in front of Brer Bear, and Brer Bear roared so furiously that Brer Beaver began to feel quite scared. He got to his feet with one bound and then he was off across the orchard, just as fast as his legs could carry him. Now, Brer Beaver could run quite fast, when he wanted to, but he was so full of ripe plums that he couldn't run quite so fast as usual.

Brer Bear was running just as fast as he could, because he was so furious with Brer Beaver for eating his plums that he was determined to catch him and give him the hiding of his life. Brer Bear

gained on Brer Beaver with every bound, so that by the time they reached the fence he had nearly caught up with Brer Beaver.

At the fence, Brer Beaver was exactly one jump ahead and Brer Bear wasn't near enough to catch him, but he did manage to grab Brer Beaver's tail with his teeth. Snap! went Brer Bear's jaws, but Brer Beaver jumped over that fence with such a powerful jerk that he pulled his tail right from between Brer Bear's teeth.

However, Brer Bear was holding on so tightly and Brer Beaver was pulling so hard that although he got his tail back, all the hair came off in Brer Bear's mouth.

"Oof!" spluttered Brer Bear, closing his teeth with a snap on nothing but a bunch of bristly hair. "Come back here, Brer Beaver!"

Brer Beaver, he ran and ran up the road, like the wind, but Brer Bear, he rolled on the ground, coughing and choking with all that hair in his mouth. Luckily for him, Brer Rabbit arrived at that moment and brought him a jug of water, so that he could wash all the hairs out of his mouth. But from that day to this Brer Beaver has never had any hair on his tail and neither have any of his children.

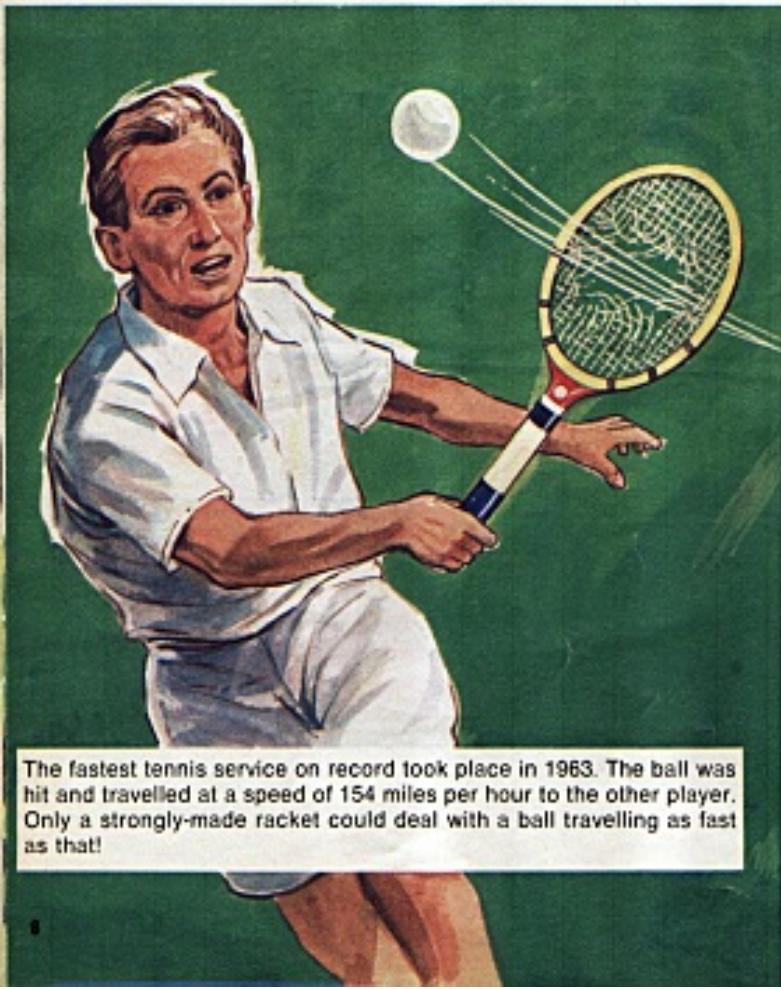
Another tale of Brer Rabbit and his friends next week.



Well, Fancy That!



Many people keep bees in beehives so that they can collect the honey from them. But in 1191, Richard Lionheart, wishing to drive back the occupants of the fortress of Acre, threw beehives, full of bees, over the walls.



The fastest tennis service on record took place in 1963. The ball was hit and travelled at a speed of 154 miles per hour to the other player. Only a strongly-made racket could deal with a ball travelling as fast as that!



Another amazing record was set by a hen in South Africa. It managed to lay 355 eggs in 365 days. This means that it produced an egg almost every day for a year. Most hens, at a certain time of the year, do not lay at all.

FAMOUS NAMES



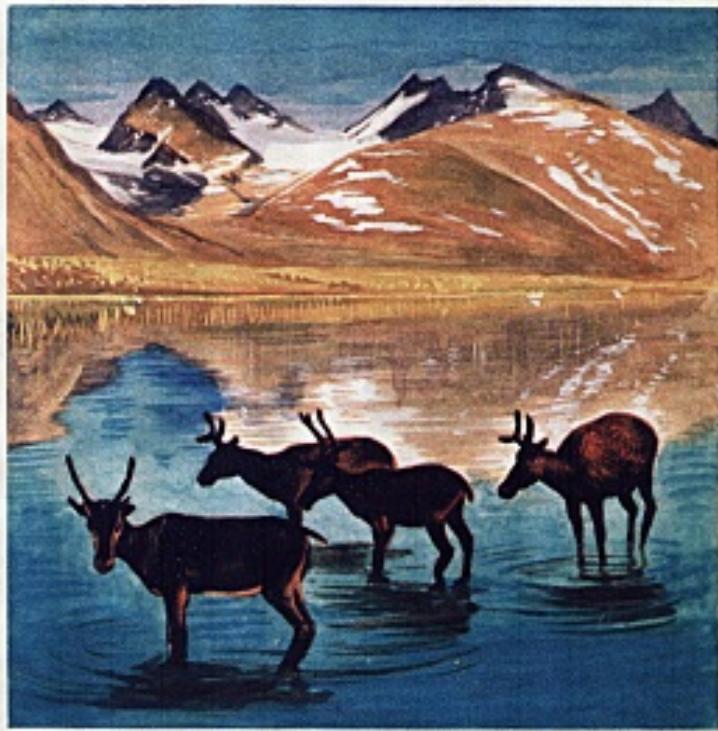
1. **The Kremlin.** This is the name given to a fortress of an old Russian town or city—the most famous being the Kremlin at Moscow (seen above). It stands about 130 feet above the River Moskva, and covers an area of about 100 acres, surrounded by a high stone wall, 2,430 yards round. Within the walls are many buildings, including a palace of the Tzars, two cathedrals, nine churches, and a huge Palace of Arms where weapons are kept.



2. **Sherlock Holmes.** He was a famous detective character made up by the writer Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930). The man behind Sherlock Holmes in the picture above, is the detective's assistant, Doctor Watson, who helped his friend to solve many difficult mysteries that baffled the police. The author, who was at one time a medical student, gave Sherlock Holmes the character of one of his medical professors.



3. **The Abominable Snowman.** From time to time, people living in small mountain villages say that they have seen a strange creature wandering about the mountains. They call it the Yeti, but it is better known to us as the Abominable Snowman. Climbers in Tibet also claim to have seen strange creatures.



4. **Lapland.** This is a very cold country, north of Norway and Sweden, and western Russia. The people who live there are called Lapps, and they keep huge herds of reindeer. These animals supply them with meat, milk, clothing and are also a means of transport. Some reindeer are shown in the picture above.

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story of these beautiful birds, turn to page 16 and test your memory by answering the questions.

Pink Flamingoes

ONE of the most thrilling sights in the world is to see a flock of Flamingoes flying through the air. These graceful birds flutter in a straggly line and people who have seen them say that they are like a long, rosy-pink scarf waving to and fro. Although a flamingo is a pale pink when on the ground, the deeper rose colour of the undersides of its wings shows up when it flies.

Take a close look at the birds in this lovely picture. You will see that they have long, thin legs and a slender neck, which curves like a big letter S. But the odd thing about flamingoes is the shape of their beaks. These are bent right back—for a special reason. When the bird is feeding on shellfish or water-plants, it twists its neck until the beak is upside down. Then the top of the beak is pushed through the mud like a small shovel to scoop up food.

A full-grown flamingo is between five and six-and-a-half feet tall. There are several kinds and most of them live in warm countries, such as Africa and parts of South America.

Of these the most beautiful in colour is the scarlet flamingo, which can be seen around the islands of the West Indies and along the Central American coast. When seen in a flock these scarlet flamingoes are a truly breath-taking sight.

At a certain time of the year, thousands of flamingoes gather in a quiet spot to build their nests. Each female builds a curious mound of mud, which looks very like a small volcano.

In the crater of these "volcanoes" a single egg is laid and the mother flamingo sits on it with her legs drawn up in such a way that she looks like a funny statue on a pedestal.

The egg is quite a large one, as the picture shows, and when the tiny flamingo chick hatches out, it is covered in white fluffy feathers and has a head and neck rather like that of a goose.

Strangely enough, the chick's beak is quite straight, but as it grows it becomes curved like the beaks of its parents. The chick's colour also changes from white to pink and it becomes a lovely rosy-pink flamingo. If you ever visit a zoo you will probably be able to take a close look at these birds.





King Hop-Skip-and-Jump



1. There was once a King who could not walk at all. He could hop and skip and jump, and caper, leap and run, but walk—never. After a while he had to give up taking part in Royal processions, which he dearly loved, because all the people watching would chuckle and laugh at him until their sides nearly split.



2. Doctors were brought from all over the country, but none could cure the King's strange illness. At last it was decided to consult the King's Fairy Godmother, who had not been seen since the day of his christening. After a long search, King Hop-Skip-and-Jump and his men found her living alone in a far-away wood.



3. They told her their problem and she said she could not think of any reason why the King should not be able to walk. "I, myself, gave him at his christening the special gift of being able to walk for miles and miles without growing tired," she said. "Then perhaps your spell went wrong somewhere," said one of the doctors.



4. Well, this made the Fairy Godmother quite angry, but after a while she agreed to look up the spell in her special magic book. Sure enough, she found she had used three acorn cups instead of two to make the spell mixture. So instead of the King being able to walk for miles and miles he could not walk properly at all.



5. "Silly me," said the Fairy Godmother. "But the trouble is that spells are much easier to make than break. However, this one can be broken if a maiden falls in love with the King in spite of his dancing and leaping." "Then I am lost," sighed the young King. "for no girl will ever look at me without laughing."



6. But what the King did not know was that Amanda, the humblest kitchen maid at the Palace, had loved him ever since she had seen him. Of course, being just a kitchen maid, she could not say so, but one evening when she felt that she must tell somebody about it, she whispered her secret to a nightingale on the window sill.



7. The nightingale, soaring into the air, whispered Amanda's secret to the Summer Breeze, who passed it on early next day to a butterfly. And the butterfly mentioned it to a parrot which lived in the King's palace. "Amanda loves the King. Amanda loves the King," repeated the parrot, which was a good talker.



8. The King was hopping downstairs to breakfast when he heard this and at once his feet stopped capering and he started to walk. "Fetch me this Amanda," he said. And when Amanda was brought to him, the grateful King took her by the hand and, not caring that she was a kitchen maid, asked her to marry him.

Beautiful Paintings

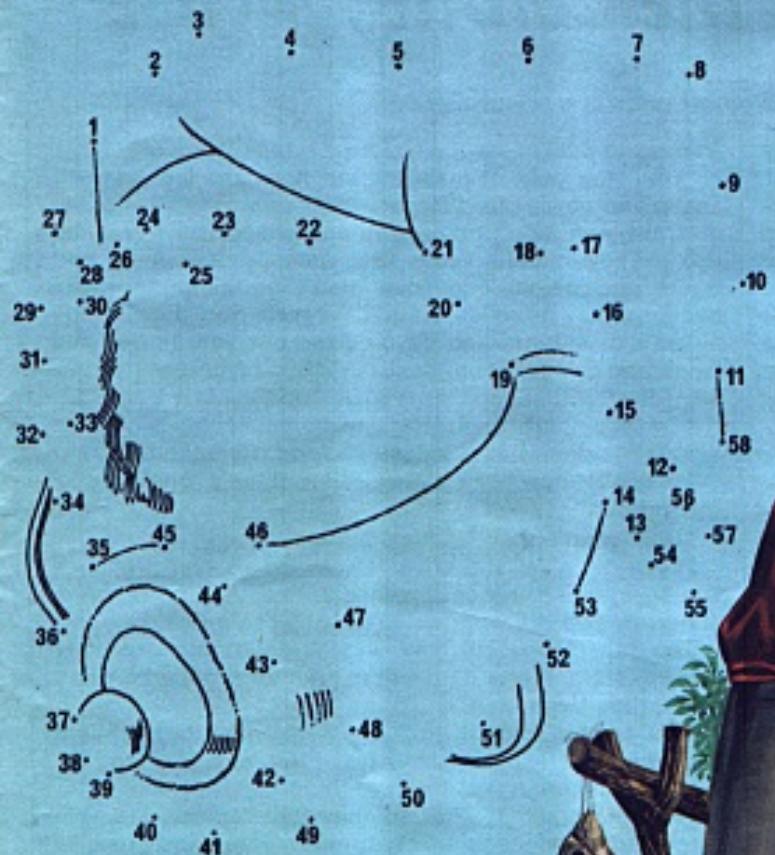
There is much to see in this week's Beautiful Painting. It is called "Landscape With Animals", and was painted by Jan Brueghel. In the picture are gathered together animals and birds from many countries. There are fierce lions and noisy, yapping dogs; slow, plodding tortoises and graceful swans; a wise old owl and a mischievous monkey, deer,



The British Grenadier

The British Grenadiers were so called because they threw grenades, a small sort of bomb that would explode as soon as it hit the ground. The man in the picture is wearing the uniform of the British Grenadiers of 1689. King William and Mary of Orange were on the throne of England at this time.

Join the dots from 1 to 58 in the puzzle below to draw a grenadier's hat and powder horn. The powder horn was used for storing the powder needed to fire his gun.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week : Rex the Wrecker plays at cave-men.

WINIFRED, the country mouse, lived in a nice little cottage in a peaceful country village. At least, it was peaceful most of the time, but not always. Near to Winifred lived a naughty little mouse, nicknamed Rex the Wrecker, who was always getting into some sort of trouble.

Now Rex the Wrecker was just about the clumsiest little mouse that you could find anywhere.

Everywhere he went he left behind him a trail of trouble. He fell over things, dropped things and generally wrecked the places he visited.

If Winifred put out her washing on the line, you could bet that Rex the Wrecker would come along and trip over the pole, bringing everything down with a crash. And if Bertie, who worked on a farm, ever put out a pailful of fresh milk and turned his back for a moment there would be a sudden crash as Rex came along and kicked it over.

Of course, Rex's mother did not think that he was clumsy at all. She thought little Rex was perfect—but everyone else thought he was horrid. "He's just a very unlucky little boy, that's all," she would tell them.

At last, everyone grew tired of Rex and his mischief, so he decided to find somewhere else to play. He pushed his way through the trees and bushes until he came to a clearing. "Just the place for a hide-out," said Rex to himself, and he went back and fetched his friends.

His friends liked the hide-out in the bushes, too. "We can play cowboys and Indians," grinned Rex.

They gathered lots of sticks and then stuck them in the ground to make a wigwam, just big enough to crawl inside.

"This is better than playing around the village," said Rex. "There's nobody to say you mustn't do this and you mustn't do that."

Everyone in the village thought they must be dreaming. Things had been so quiet for several days that they couldn't understand what was happening.

Even Winifred thought how lovely and peaceful it was, without Rex always rushing around and getting into trouble. "It doesn't seem like him to stay completely out of mischief for several days, somehow," she said to her boyfriend, Bertie.

After a while, Rex and his friends grew tired of being cowboys and Indians. "Can't we think of something else to play?" asked Roger.

"I know," said Rex. "Let's pretend we're cave-men. They used to hunt animals."

"Why did they hunt animals?" asked Roger.

"For food, of course," replied Rex. "They needed the

animals to eat."

"Well, the only animals around here are the farmer's sheep and cows," said Roger.

"Cave-men didn't hunt cows and sheep, silly," replied Rex. "They hunted fierce wild animals, like lions and tigers and bears, and they didn't go close to them, because they were so wild. Cave-men dug pits for the animals to fall into and covered the pits with leaves and twigs and things. Then, next day, they came back to see what they had caught."

"Do you think there are any fierce animals in these woods?" asked a little mouse, looking frightened.

"I don't know," said Rex. "But there's one way of finding out."

"Ooh, what's that?" squeaked another.

"Let's dig a pit and cover it with leaves and branches and things, like the cave-men did, and then come back tomorrow and see what we've caught," said Rex.

The others thought this was a good idea, so they started to dig. It was hard work, but after a while they had dug a nice large hole.

"It's not big enough to trap an elephant, but it might trap a lion or a tiger," said Rex. "Anyway, it's time for tea and I'm hungry, so it'll have to do."

His friends all agreed, so they covered the top with twigs and branches and then strewed leaves and grass all over it and stood back to see what it looked like.

"Even a cave-man couldn't have done better," said Rex, proudly, as he looked at their animal trap.

"You don't think somebody will come along and fall into it, do you?" asked Roger, doubtfully, as they went off home.

Rex frowned a bit at that. Then he said, "No, it's alright. Nobody ever goes there but us. Anyway, we'll go back there tomorrow to see if we've caught any animals in it, so it won't matter."

With that, they all rushed off home for their tea.

But Rex's idea was a very silly idea really, wasn't it? After all, he didn't know that nobody was going to go there and fall into his trap, did he?

Next week you will see what was caught in Rex's trap.

Here are some questions about the "Pink Flamingoes" on page 10. How many can you answer correctly?

1. What does a flock of flamingoes look like when flying?
2. What do they feed on?
3. What colour is the flamingo chick when it is born?



The Tiger, the Monkey and the Snake



1. Long, long ago in India, a young man named Ali set out on a journey and, becoming thirsty, he cleared away some bushes from the top of an old well, hoping to find water in it. Imagine his surprise when he saw, trapped in its depths, a man, a tiger, a monkey and a snake. "I'll make a rope to pull you out," he said.



2. First to be pulled out was the tiger, which thanked Ali for his kindness, promising to repay him one day. Then, one by one, all the others were pulled out of the deep well, and they in turn thanked the young man and promised to reward him later. The man said that his name was Armath, and was a goldsmith by trade.



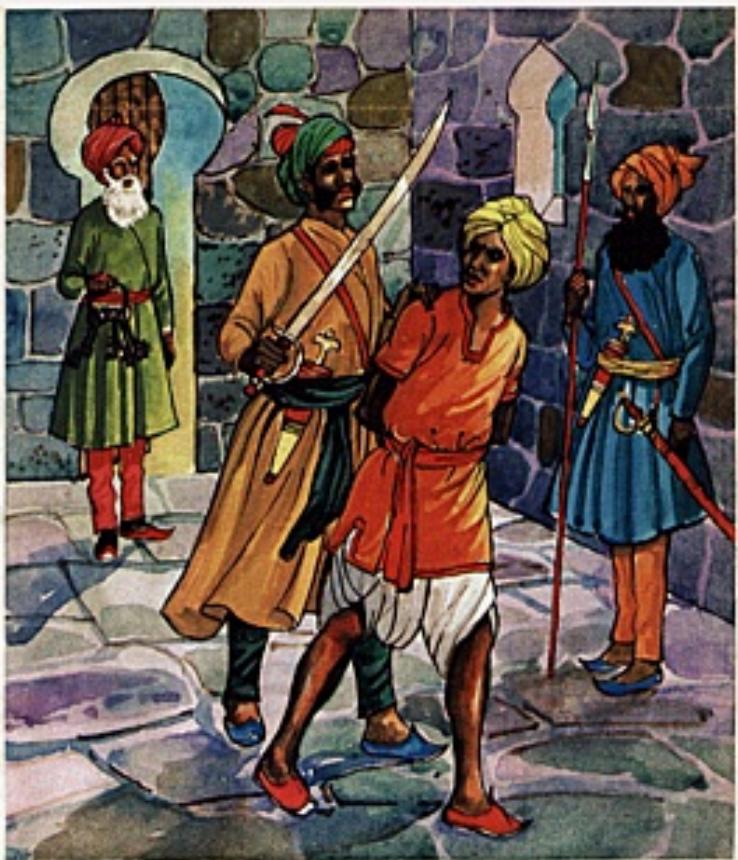
3. Some weeks later, when he had almost forgotten about the well, Ali happened to pass the tiger's lair. "Just a moment, my dear friend, I have something to show you," said the tiger. It produced a collection of articles made from gold and jewels. "You must take these as your reward," the tiger told Ali. "I won them fairly from a Prince who yesterday came to hunt me. I was able to frighten him away and when he fled he left these behind him."



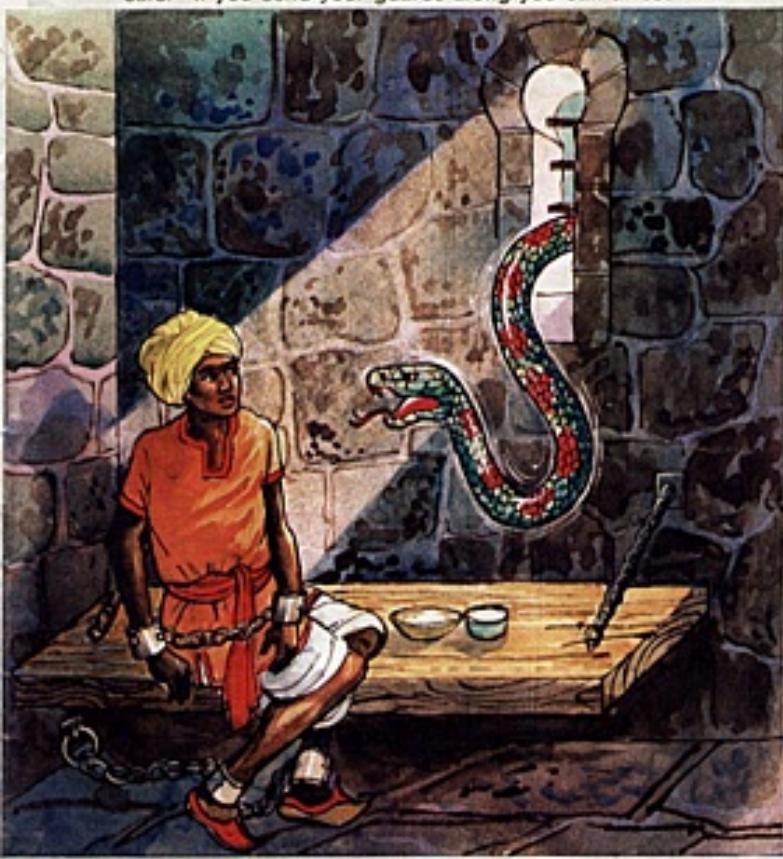
4. The monkey was with the tiger and it was able to provide Ali with some dates and nuts as food for his journey back to the city. Overjoyed by his good fortune, Ali decided to go and visit the goldsmith named Armath. "You said you were my friend," Ali said to him. "Please examine these things and then give me what you honestly think they are worth." Armath's greedy eyes looked hard at him. "Very well," he agreed. "Go now and come back tomorrow."



5. Ali trusted the goldsmith, but he should not have done. For the cunning Armath hurried straight to the palace of the King and showed him the jewels, hoping to gain a big reward for himself. "I know that these belong to your son, the Prince, so they must have been stolen from him by a man who is visiting me tomorrow," he said. "If you send your guards along you can arrest him."



6. So next day, when he went to the goldsmith's shop, Ali was surprised to find some of the Royal guards waiting for him. "You are our prisoner," they said, seizing Ali and taking him to the palace. "You will spend the rest of your life in prison for your theft." "But I did not steal those things," said Ali. "I got them from a tiger who won them in a fair fight with the Prince."



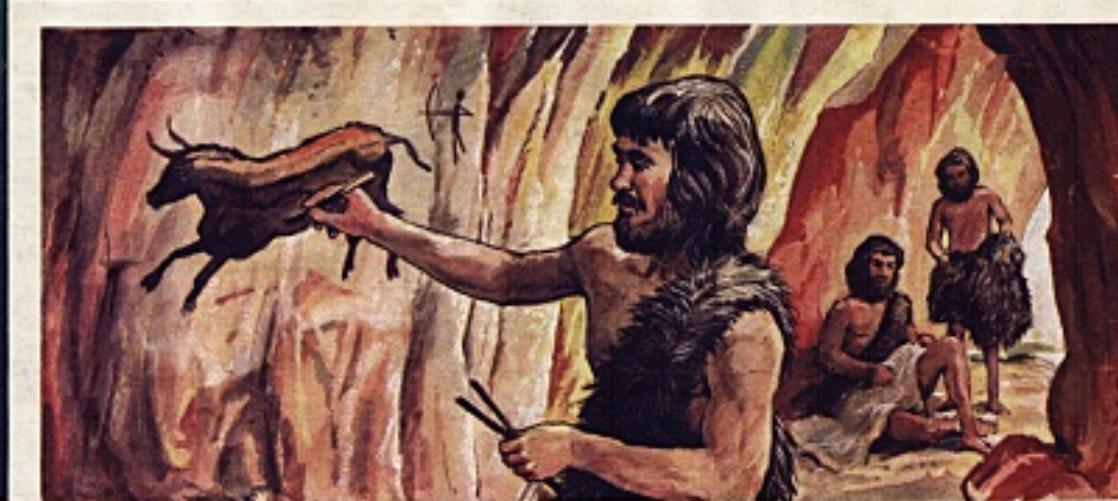
7. Poor Ali! No one believed him, and the rascally goldsmith whom he had rescued from the deep well, pretended not to know him. So the young man was thrown into prison—but he had not forgotten the snake. He called to it and the snake slithered easily through the narrow window. "I will bite the Princess and nothing will cure her but the touch of your hand," it told Ali.



8. And that is what happened. After a bite from the snake, the Princess became very, very ill. No doctor could cure her, but the King heard word that the young man in prison might be able to do so. Ali was sent for and, at the touch of his hand, the Princess was cured. As for the rascally goldsmith, he was sent to prison instead, and later Ali and the Princess were married.

The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers



1. How old are cave-paintings?

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer some interesting questions for you.

"It is thought they were put on the walls of caves about 20,000 years ago by men who lived only in caves at that time. They were mostly pictures of animals and were painted with a mixture of water, clay, charcoal and red and brown earth. The 'brushes' the cave-men used were flattened sticks."



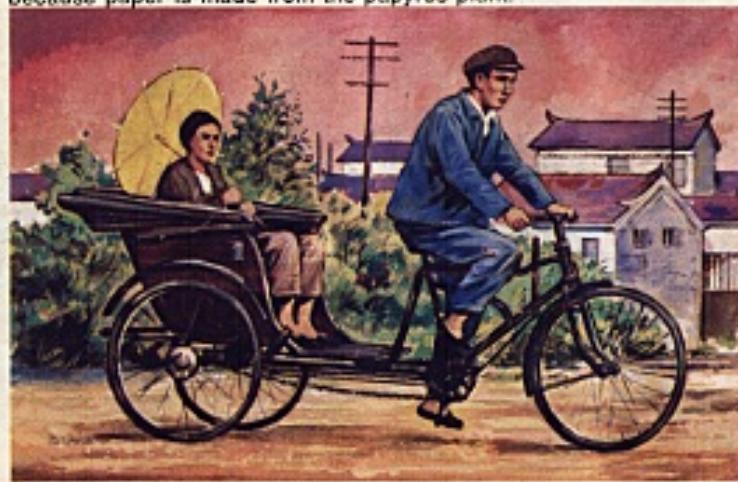
2. What is a papyrus boat?

"Not long ago one of these boats made a crossing of the Atlantic Ocean and it was a copy of an ancient Egyptian boat made from the reeds of the papyrus plant. You might also call it a 'paper' boat, because paper is made from the papyrus plant."



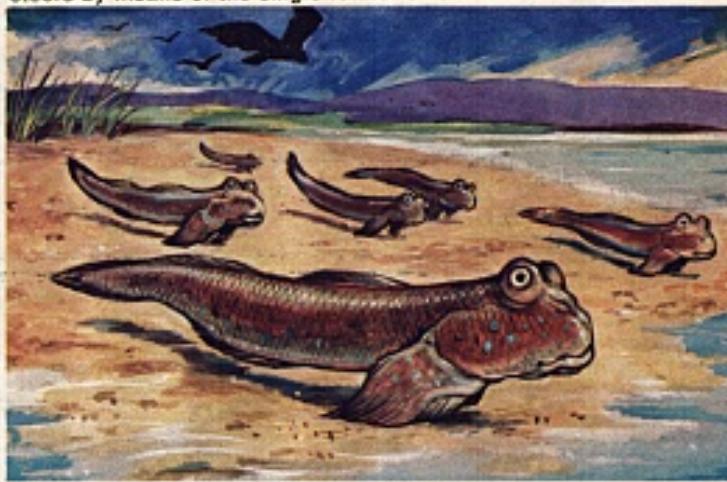
3. Does an ice-yacht go faster than a sea-yacht?

"Yes, much faster. Ice-yachting is a popular sport on frozen lakes in North America and races are held in which these speedy craft skim across the ice on steel runners, rather like skates. The pilot steers by means of the single runner on the fore end."



4. Is a trishaw a new kind of rickshaw?

"In some Eastern countries rickshaws have been used for many years. They had to be pulled along by someone running in front. Now they are pedalled, have three wheels and are called trishaws."



5. Is there a fish that can walk on land?

"A fish called a mudskipper very nearly does this. It is about eight inches long and comes out of the water to play on the mud. It uses its front fins to pull itself along at a good speed."